Reflections

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Reflections

by clicktrack_heart

Summary

Will meets Nigel post Mizumono. Extremely dubious consent.

Notes

Thank you to the most awesome, talented Celli_inkblots for editing.

See the end of the work for more notes

In bits and pieces, he still sees Hannibal. He can't predict the moments that it happens, only that it does and it feels like being swept away.

There's his surgeon, who moves his hands like a concert pianist. His fingers are slimmer than Hannibal's, but there's a rhythmic confidence as papers and charts are shifted -- it is too much, too close, and it nearly sets Will's teeth on edge. For a moment in the sterile hospital room, Will feels like a fish without water.

Gasping, and gutted, lying on the floor of Hannibal's kitchen.

He blinks.

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Margot stops by the hospital once.

She eyes the bandages on his abdomen and raises a manicured brow.

"Your scar is probably going to look a lot like mine," she says. Very carefully, she arranges a glass vase of gold and red snapdragons on the bed side table.

"The things we do for family," Will mutters.

They don't talk much after that.

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He's sleeping when Freddie comes.

Of course, it happens completely her way -- outside established visiting hours, unannounced and unrecorded in any official capacity.

Drool is cooling on the side of his chin when he wakes with a start. He can tell it is dark outside. Freddie is haloed in the artificial gold of streetlights.

She sits in front of the lone window with her legs crossed, black boots nearly up to her knees.

"You," he says, wiping his mouth hastily.

She gives a sardonic smile, tilting her head to study him.

"I know. I should have brought a card or box of chocolates, right? Anyone who survives the Chesapeake Ripper should get a little fanfare."

"If you're here about-"

"I'm here because I thought you should know the FBI thinks Hannibal made it to Europe," she says, interrupting smoothly. "Word in the great, hallowed halls of Quantico is that Dr. Bedelia Du Maurier is apparently his VIP travel buddy. Ever met her?"

Will doesn't respond to the question. Bedelia. And Hannibal. He feels dangerously close to asking for the waste basket to throw up into. "You came across this information how exactly?"

"You know I can't reveal my sources," she says and then bats her eyelashes, trying to hide the way her gaze crawls across his face for details for her next article. "But I thought someone should tell you. No one has, right?"

"You know they haven't. I'm no longer pertinent to Dr. Lecter's whereabouts."

"What if I told you they're full of shit?" Freddie says, surprisingly vehement. Will is taken back by her tone, even as she leans forward with a conspiratorial air. "They're idiots, Will. You're the only one in this case who has ever been *pertinent*."

Will shakes his head, already frowning.

"You don't have to sweet talk me," he says. "I promised you an interview, exclusive rights, whatever. You'll still get it."

"Oh, I know you'll keep your word. I'm not worried. Just thought you might want this." She leans forward to slide a small square of a photo across the table over his bed.

The image of Abigail Hobbs smiling cuts like a knife. He remembers her dying gasps, the sluggish spurts of blood between his clutching fingers.

"The funeral was this morning," Freddie says.

Will's hands twitch in the hospital sheets, rustling the plastic of his IV tube. Freddie watches him avidly.

Doesn't matter. He's already sitting up to take the photo, unable to stop the painful lurch of his newly spliced stomach muscles.

He takes a moment to breathe, letting the pain reach its peak before it ebbs.

"Thanks," he says. "You can leave now."

For once, Freddie listens.

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Even once the bandages come off, the itchy feeling of something sticky and hovering over his flesh doesn't ease.

His scar moves with him like a living thing, hot and tender to the touch. His doctor had suggested an ointment for the itching. Dutifully, he applies it in front of his mirror twice a day. It's supposed to help with the scaring as well, though his doctor had warned him not to expect a miracle.

Will doesn't. But he still goes to the closest pharmacy when he runs out. In the back of the store, he catches a flash of a plaid suit. It's a man, and he's just out of view. Will's gut twists.

Without thinking, he makes his move. He follows the man.

The overhead lighting is grey and sickly, clotting his vision to a narrowed pinpoint.

The man goes to far corner of the store, to the frozen food section. Between freezers stocked with Hot Pockets and ice cream, the man waits. Will doesn't bother trying to hide his stare.

The man doesn't turn to look at him, too busy trying to choose between Rocky Road and Mint Choco Chip.

And he's not Hannibal.

Whatever Will wanted, hoped for, it's gone now. Will can't help but evaluate the other man critically. He is both younger and larger than Hannibal, his skin paler than Will's own. Really, other than the cut of the suit, and the careful way it hugs his body, he looks nothing like the Chesapeake Ripper.

A bitter taste floods Will's mouth. He takes his scar ointment to the front of the store to pay. He just wants to go home.

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He goes to Baltimore one night. It's dark and raining and he has nothing better to do in his restlessness, torn between wanting to escape and vanish. On a whim, he heads downtown instead of north, skipping the normal route towards Hannibal's. There's nothing for him there anyway. He knows the FBI's procedures well enough—the house would be picked cleaner than bones. Leaving nothing for him.

There's a carnival by the inner harbor, glowing bright as Will gets closer. He parks nearby and pays the $5 admission for the privilege to walk by the waterfront, digging in his pockets for enough crumpled bills to purchase a single ticket.

The rain has kept the crowds away, and he wanders aimlessly, watching the teenaged couples and families milling around underneath colorful umbrellas. The rides and the games draw only small clusters of people, most of them look as bored and tired as Will feels.

It's all so pedestrian, the loud music and weary parents, somewhere Hannibal would never go. He has no idea how that should make him feel either.

He settles on an empty bench. The neon lights of the Ferris wheel blur into a meaningless haze over the inner harbor. A pattering of rain falls on his face and he lets it land, lets it streak across his face as he looks out into the distance.

For a a few seconds, he thinks he sees a fish. A pale shape drifts in the dark water like a wraith before it is gone.

A small boy and an even smaller girl come over to the edge of the pier, just a few feet away from Will's own bench. They're obviously brother and sister, with matching dark hair and eyes. They look into the water along with Will, unconcerned with rain drops. Will smiles a little, though it feels awkward curling against his mouth.

He watches as the little girl bends low, the edges of her blue dress brushing the ground as she releases a small folded paper boat. The boat looks like it is made of newspaper, and it glides into the water impressively before the rain picks up again. From there it happens quickly, the droplets drag the boat under the depths of the polluted Patapsco River.

The little girl clutches her brother's hand but doesn't make a sound as the boat sinks. It is gone in seconds.

It's barely under when a woman yells "Berto! Maria! Come!" And the children go running back, barely sparing a curious glance at Will.

Alone again, Will stretches his legs out. The night air is cooling rapidly, even though the rain is growing lighter. His shoes are wet. It's past time for his drive back to Virginia. He's suddenly tired and knows he will need a coffee on the way home, just to be alert enough to drive.

He stands and heads back towards the lights of the carnival. He hasn't gone too far when a clown with a sad painted face leaps in front of him, trying to elicit a smile as he shows him its purple weenie dog balloons. He's annoyed that it takes him several attempts before he's able to get away.

Somehow, he ends up in the food court area. The smell of greasy fried meat and breaded crab cakes makes him as queasy as the food at the BSHCI.

The entrance where he had gotten his ticket had been by the carousel and he heads in that direction, past the mirrored fun house and the tilt-a-whirl.

It happens then.

It's just a blur but something catches his eye briefly. Will looks over his shoulder, squinting at the fake ocean backdrop of the tilt-a-whirl.

There.

A flash of greying blonde, glinting like steel in the dark. A man about Hannibal's size emerges from behind the controls of the ride. He speaks to someone, gesturing once with annoyance before he stalks off.

Will follows him.

The man is fast, moving with purpose. He weaves in and out of the crowd, taking Will to the far edge of the carnival again. Will strains to see his face but only the edge of his profile is ever visible. His arms and shoulders are bulky, corded with muscles in a way that Hannibal is

not. He's blue collared, literally, donning jeans and a short sleeve work shirt. Hannibal would rather die—but maybe, disguised—.

There's something. Something there, Will has to see for himself.

The man makes an abrupt turn into an alley. Will doesn't hesitate. Between two old shipyard buildings they go, Will moving closer and closer. Is it just his imagination or does the other man seem to be slowing?

"Hannibal."

He's within arms reach of the man just as he spins around to face Will. Anger flashes dark in the eyes—the eyes Will knows—as the man strikes with a large hand around Will's neck and slams him hard into the brick wall.

Will is stunned, pain bursting across his temple and police training kicking in too late as he tries to pry the other man off. "Hannibal!"

Hannibal's face is impassive, eyes cold and flat, and he punches Will without hesitation. Will lands hard, head ringing.

The lights fade. Hannibal fades.

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Will opens his eyes. At first all he knows is the pitch black and the old scent of smoke.

The darkness gradually breaks into an endless shimmer, ocean like in its tranquility. Then he sees himself, bruised and wide eyed. His lip is bleeding and he's surrounded by mirrors. Each of the reflections is distorted, swimming with misshapen visions. His face and Hannibal's, on gross repeat.

The reflections still as his vision clears. He sees the man sitting still in the center of the room. The man he followed, fought with earlier. He is not Hannibal but looks eerily identical. Their eyes meet.

"*Buna dimineata*, Will."

Will frowns, jerking to sit up from the floor but he can barely move. It's then he realizes his hands and feet are bound by two thick leather belts.

"Is that Lithuanian?"

The man laughs, the sound rich and dark. "No, but close enough, for an American. And you should take that as a compliment. I don't like Americans much."

"So you work at a carnival in Baltimore."

The man shrugs, showing his uneven teeth—they're stained by nicotine. "It was an easy way to get out of town."

“What did you do?”

The man looks at him for a long moment, mouth quirking into a half smile. He laughs. “Have we met before?”

Will shakes his head. “No. I would remember.”

The man considers this, narrowing his gaze on Will, his captive audience. Then, he shrugs again, as if deciding *what the hell*.

“I did some bad things, a lot of bad things,” he says. “Too many to count to be fucking honest. And now I have all sorts of people looking for me. Including you. Though we’ve now established we haven’t met before. Then there’s also the matter that you called me by another’s name.”

The man pauses for a reaction that Will doesn’t give.

“Went through a lot of effort to get to you to this place, just to get to know you better. So you’re going to talk, one way or another. Who is Hannibal?”

Will doesn’t reply at first, just moves his fingers and toes, feeling through the tingling of numbness from his confined arms and legs.

“He’s someone I knew. You look a lot like him,” he says. “He’s also wanted by a lot of people.”

“Damn right, I’m not him. And I’ve never even met a Hannibal. Why do you want him? Friend of yours?”

Will is silent and the man smirks. “Lover, then?”

“No,” Will mutters. But he makes the mistake of looking up, and can’t help it, already tracing the familiar features of the man with his eyes. The hair is lighter, the skin darker, but so much else is the same. The same wolfish features, the fathomless eyes, the cheekbones defying gravity. “But you’re almost identical.”

“Hmm. Too bad your friend is a wanted man then.” The man smiles, long and slow, like a cheshire cat. “I’m Nigel. Pleased to meet your acquaintance. Even if I am afraid it won’t be for long.”

Will recognizes the words as a threat but Nigel’s tone itself lacks malice. It’s as if he’s talking about the weather, or a particularly good place to get pizza. It’s a reaction Nigel wants — he’s as curious about Will as Will is about him, spoiling for a fight.

“It’s been a long time since someone has looked at me the way you did,” Nigel says after a long beat. He reaches into his shirt pocket, producing a pack of cigarettes. He puts one between his thin lips but doesn’t light it.

“And how did I look?” Will asks.

Nigel cocks his head to the side, surveying Will slyly. He takes his lighter out of his shirt pocket and a little flame clicks to life. He lights the cigarette with care, then takes one long drag before speaking.

“How you look? Well, you’re prettier than most women. It’s not every day I see a man I want to fuck but it does happen every now and then.”

Will’s not sure what his face shows, but whatever it is it makes Nigel laugh.

He should be looking for an escape. A weakness. The funhouse room is small but one of the mirrors will be different from the others. An exit will be there, if he can get his ankles free, at least, he has a chance.

There’s a small card table set up beside Nigel and Will sees his own open wallet beside an old half full ash tray. His credit cards and ID are laid out, explaining how Nigel knew his name. There’s his physical therapist’s business card and the lone photo of Abigail Hobbs.

Nigel tracks his gaze. He gestures to the photo of Abigail that he has plucked out, the same one Freddie gave him nearly a month ago.

“Who’s the girl?” Nigel asks. “Baby sister? She’s cute.”

Will lifts his chin. “Not really. The man you look like—he killed her in front of me.”

There’s a small flicker of emotion at this. But in the end, Nigel looks more amused than anything. Lazily, he sits back in the cheap fold up chair. “Why did he do that, Will Graham?”

“He was angry with me.”

“And what did you do?”

“I tried to get him arrested by manipulating him into killing someone else,” Will says flatly. “A mutual friend of ours.”

“You did what?” Nigel laughs loudly, genuinely impressed. “That takes some balls. But you shouldn’t get on a killer’s bad side.”

He takes another pull from his cigarette and Will watches the tip glow red before it fades. “Especially if he shares the same blood as me.”

“You share more than the same blood,” Will says. “You practically have the same face. But you don’t have the same-- *quality*. You’re just a cheap facsimile. You’re not what I want.”

Nigel stares at him for a long moment, humor fading as his jaw clenches. Very deliberately, he smashes his cigarette out in the cheap ash-tray.

“I’m not what you want, eh? Darling, I’ve heard that from a pretty face before. Of course, her face isn’t so pretty anymore. Maybe yours won’t be either, once I’m done with you.”

Nigel stands up from the chair. The room seems to shrink.

"You wouldn't be here if you didn't want me," Nigel says. “You followed me.”

“I didn’t follow *you*—I followed Hannibal.”

In two steps, Nigel crosses the room and grabs him hard by the back of his neck, dragging him up the floor and across the length of the mirror.

When their lips touch, Will’s lips part greedily, as though he could drink the demons out of Nigel and Hannibal both. Then Nigel is quickly removing his belt from his jeans and placing it around Will’s neck.

Will’s breath catches, but he doesn’t stop kissing him.

It is Nigel who does that. Before Will can draw back, Nigel turns him, spinning him around and slamming him into the mirror until his face is pressed up against the cool surface. The leather wrapping around his wrists seems to tighten, chafing skin. His hands are pulled up tighter behind him and there is nothing he can do as Nigel’s fingers drift low to tug on his shirt.

Warm hands stroke upwards, halting only at the feel of puckered, raised flesh. Their eyes meet in the mirror.

“Fuck,” Nigel says, with one long exhale. He presses his palm flat against Will’s belly, against his scar.

“Your Hannibal did that to you?” he says. It’s not really a question. He traces the long, jagged line of Will’s closed wound with the tip of his finger, almost reverently. “And you still love him.”

The touch feels shockingly good and Will can’t quite believe it. Something unravels, and he’s pressing into it, wanting everything he can get. “Yes, just don’t stop. Please.”

“I won’t,” Nigel promises.

Jagged teeth find the spot at the junction between Will’s neck and his shoulder and begin to tease at it gently. He doesn’t think -- just pushes back, ass in Nigel’s lap in blatant offering.

Nigel curses and shoves Will’s pants and boxers down, letting it fall to his bound ankles. In one violent motion he forces Will’s knees apart with his thigh. He wastes no time spreading Will’s cheeks, rough thumbs opening him up with a panted curse against his jaw. With his other hand, he fists Will’s cock several times. It’s not enough to distract Will from the wet fingers circling his asshole.

“Nigel,” he starts. “I don’t-”

Nigel licks his neck. “Shh, just feel it.”

Feel it he does.

The first finger is uncomfortable, the second one aches. Will has experimented like this by himself before, but it's completely different with another person. Each nudge stretches, pain and pleasure blurring to one sensation. Nigel doesn't really give him time to adjust either, just finds his prostate with ease and presses the calloused pads of his fingers against it until another cry spills from Will's mouth.

Then another finger squeezes in. Will's cock dribbles clear fluid onto the mirror, hips snapping forward.

"God, you're a good slut. You really like this, don't you," Nigel says.

He pulls his fingers out and before Will can complain his cock is there, pressing against his stretched hole. Nigel spits again and then palms his dick, fighting the resistance of Will's body inch by inch as he presses in.

The pain is sharp, unbearable nearly, but it happens so fast. In quick little pushes, Nigel starts fucking into him. He breathes harsh against Will's neck as if Will is the one that's hurting him. One of his hand strays low, cupping Will's dick possessively.

Soon Will's body has amazed even him, he's taken all of Nigel, the other man's balls are slapping his ass. He should feel disgusted, he knows, but he's not. The pain is still there, but Nigel keeps a steady rhythm on his dick, bringing him closer to an edge that he craves. It's so hot, their bodies slide against each other, until he's sweating and unbearably full. Legs tremble each and every time Nigel thrusts in, and he feels like the motion is the only thing that's holding him up.

Almost absently, Nigel's hand shifts from Will's erection to his belly.

Will's eyes flutter shut, focusing on the hand pressed warm against his scar.

"Hannibal."

The word surfaces, just as the mirror comes into focus. It's only Nigel's face in the reflection; his features twisting, contorting with rage or pain or some other emotion Will can't identify.

Nigel jerks the belt around his neck, reminding him that it's there.

"You're with me. Not him," Nigel growls, pulling the leather tighter still. Then he slams into Will harder, as if he could punish him in that way. It's like a punch, a knife in his insides. There's no defense against it. Nigel keeps muttering curses but the words don't reach Will.

Will writhes, cock, leather and glass chaffing him equally rough. Oxygen thins to a perilous gasp. And then he is shaking uncontrollably, hips jerking senselessly as he spurts, streaks hitting the mirror. The last face Will sees is *his*.

Faces dim, reflections fogging to gray.

Distantly, he becomes aware of things- by bits and pieces. He's lying down again, the floor feels cold on his side. There's the strange sticky sensation of semen leaking from his ass. The

ghost of the belt, gone from his throat now, but the tenderness it has left. His ankles and wrists are still tied-- his right foot has fallen asleep.

His wallet flutters through the air to land beside him with a whispering thud. Will opens his eyes. Abigail is back in the plastic sleeve of his wallet, smiling at him.

Nigel leers over him in a thousand reflections. He bends down low, and Will can smell the ash on his breath.

“Not bad,” he says. “It’s been a long time since I’ve fucked someone who could love a person like me. Some things are beyond even a prostitute’s skills, you know?”

“They’re going to catch up to you -- the people that are looking for you,” Will says. His voice is momentarily unfamiliar, a dry rasp. “They will find you.”

“I’m not afraid.”

“Yes, you are,” Will says, licking his lips. He sees Nigel more than he should, more than he wants. “Maybe not of them, but there are other things.”

“Yeah?” Nigel’s look dares him to continue.

Will takes the bait.

“You’re afraid of being alone. In the dark again. Where no one can hear or see you. And no one cares what happens to you because anyone who does know you -- they can’t even stomach the thought of you.”

Nigel’s mouth tightens. For a moment, Will thinks Nigel will actually kill him.

Nigel raises his hand but then, at the last second, all he does is give Will’s cheek the lightest tap with his open palm. It’s almost affectionate.

“Word of advice?” Nigel asks. “Try not to make bad men so mad.”

He zips up his pants as he leaves.

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A former special agent that worked rather closely (some would say too closely) on the Chesapeake Ripper case was sexually assaulted by an unnamed individual in Baltimore yesterday.

Jack Crawford, the recently reinstated head of the BAU, could not be reached for comment.

Sources tell Tattlecrime that the victim is in the hospital, being treated for non-life threatening injuries and is expected to be released later today.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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